

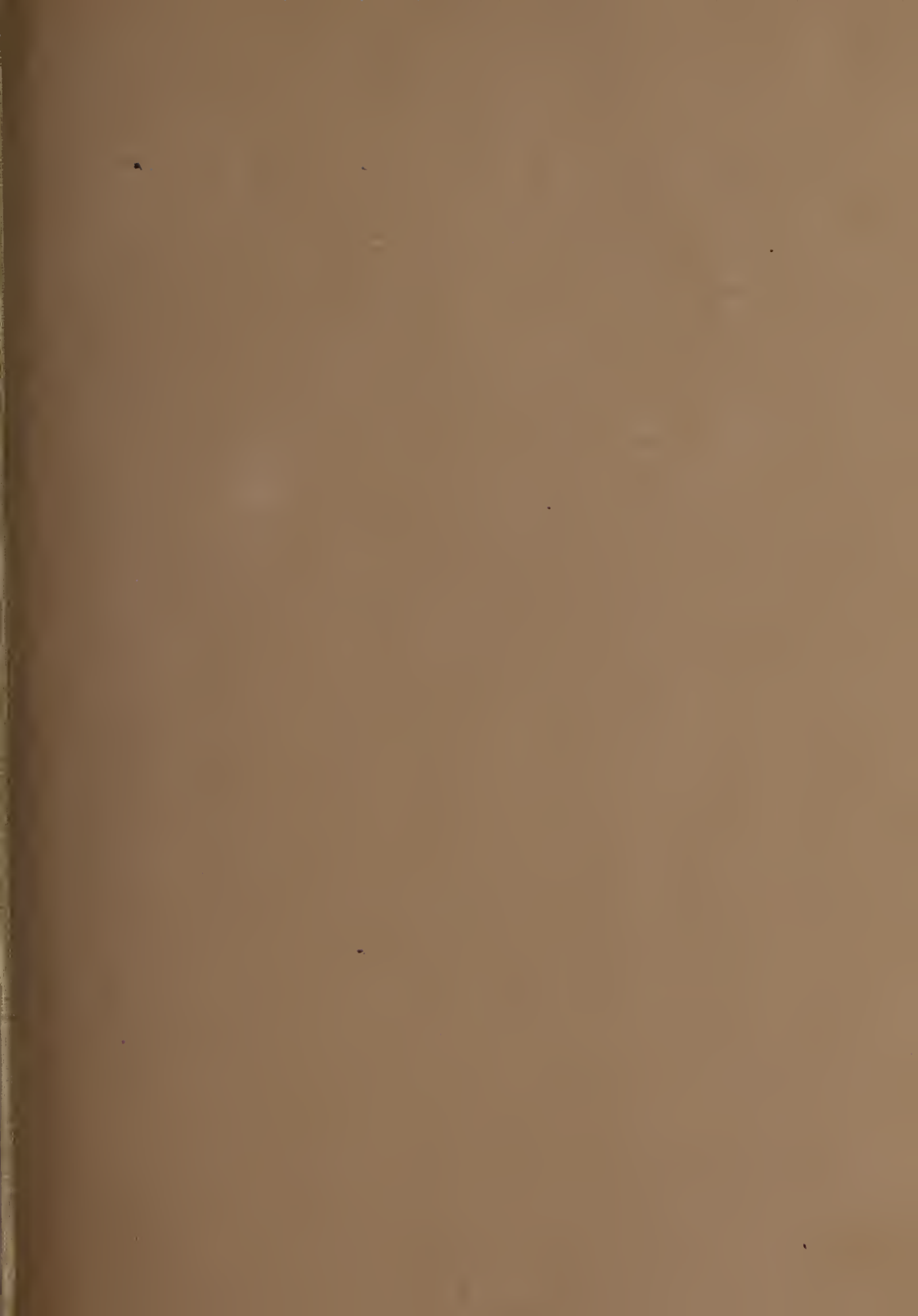
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✓ **W**oman's **W**ork

A Foreign Missions Magazine

CHINA



Vol. XXXV

No. 1

Published Monthly by the Central Committee of the
Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions
of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

156 Fifth Avenue, New York

PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO NEW YORK ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO
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Subjects for Auxiliary Meetings, 1920

JANUARY	China.	JULY	{ Review of the year—The Home Base—Orientals in the U. S. A.
FEBRUARY	Chosen.	AUGUST	China.
MARCH	Japan.	SEPTEMBER	{ India—Home Base—Outlook for the Year.
APRIL	Africa.	OCTOBER	India.
MAY	Latin America.	NOVEMBER	Siam.
JUNE	Philippine Islands.	DECEMBER	Moslem Lands—Syria and Persia.

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FREIGHT FOR MISSION STATIONS—Any one wishing to forward parcels, large or small, to missionaries, should apply for directions to Dwight H. Day, *Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

POSTAGE RATES—Postage on letters to all our Mission Stations abroad, except Shanghai, the Philippines and Mexico, is five cents for one ounce and three cents for each additional ounce or fraction thereof. To Mexico, the Philippine Islands and Shanghai, three cents an ounce. A reply letter can be paid for by enclosing an international response coupon; obtained from the Post Office or from WOMAN'S WORK, for six cents.

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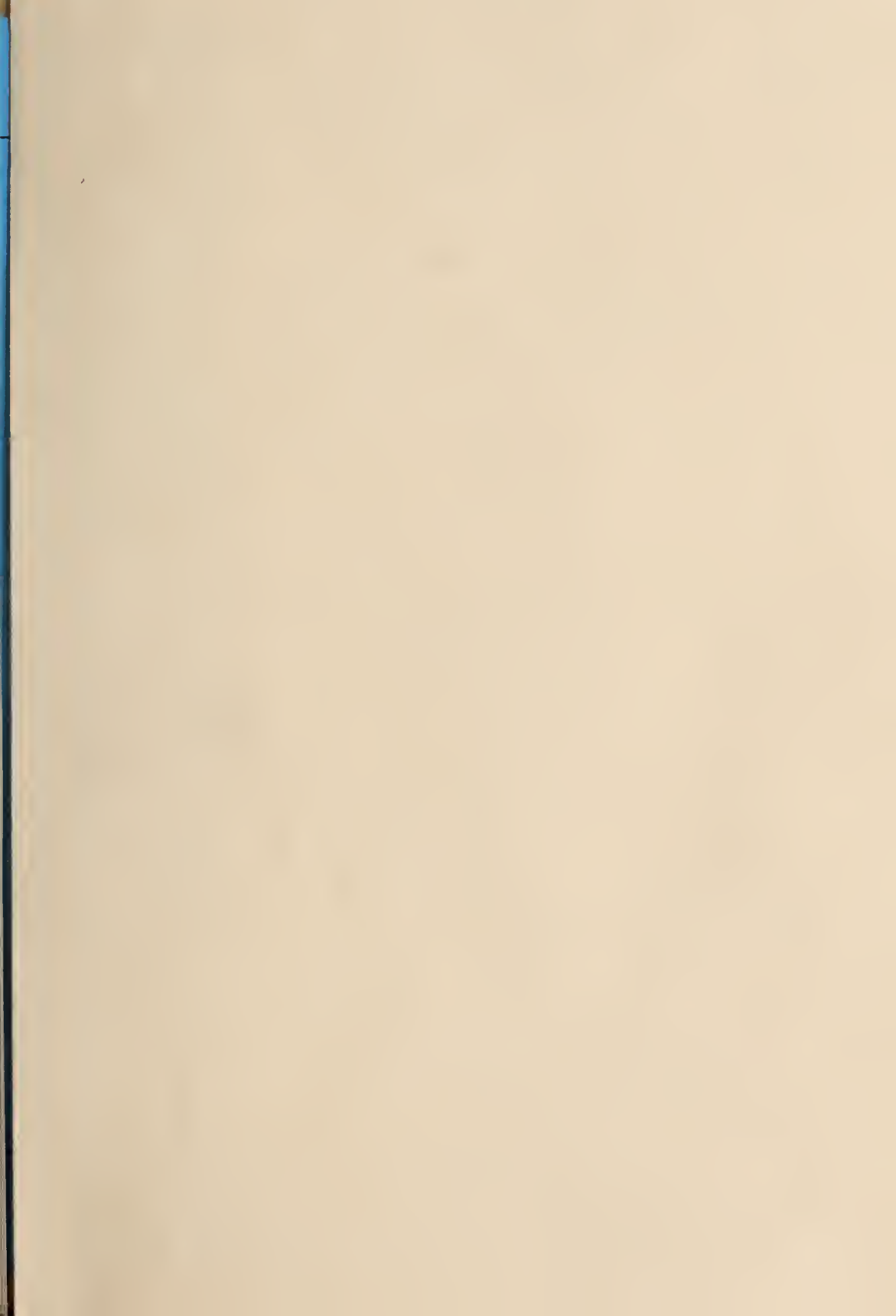
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WOMAN'S WORK

A Foreign Missions Magazine

VOL. XXXVI

APRIL, 1921

No. 4



Town of the Elat Church evangelists.

THE FIRST SUNDAY in the month was collection Sunday at Elat Church, and it was certainly a miscellaneous assortment that came in that collection. The baskets are about the size of the old-fashioned peck measure and are fastened to a long stick. Money is very scarce, so into the baskets are piled eggs, peanuts, ngon seed, dried fish, palm oil, beads, spoons and carried by assistants were chickens, cutlasses, an iron pot and other things mysteriously hid in palm leaves. Some of the things were given out of abundance, but others were sacrifices and meant what the widow's mite meant.

LOLORDORF.

W. S. LEHMAN.

Who's Who in April Number

WHEN THE PRESBYTERIAN mission work at Baraka, West Africa, was transferred in 1913 to the *Société des Missions Évangéliques de Paris*, MR. AND MRS. E. A. FORD resigned from the Presbyterian force to join the French mission. Mrs. Ford is herself French but writes that "We still feel at heart as if we were of the American Mission though we can keep in touch only by the missionary literature." Her twenty years in Africa have allowed Mrs. Ford to observe closely both methods and results in mission efforts, and we are glad to offer for our readers' consideration an article which she has written for WOMAN'S WORK, though all may not agree with her criticism.

NO ONE of our former Board officers was better known in mission education work than MRS. NOBLE C. KING of Chicago. Her article in this issue introduces more fully the new textbooks which were briefly mentioned in our March number.

WHERE so many are giving valiant service we do not often give an especial sketch of one individual worker. But MRS. GLENN B. OGDEN, who went to India in 1916, sends us an account of the untiring efforts of Dr. Adelaide Woodard, in charge of the Woman's Department of the Memorial Hospital at Fatehgarh, and we print it, even in our Africa number, because Dr. Woodard has had to return to this country critically ill and her friends in India beg that all her friends here join in earnest prayer for her recovery.

MRS. PAUL H. COMBS has been in West Africa only since 1918, but her vivid picture of her work with the schoolgirls makes us hope she is going to develop into one of our valued and graphic writers.

MRS. R. H. EVANS sends from Foullassi a wonderfully full account of a long evangelistic tour, with her husband and children and Miss Virginia McGilliard. Mrs. Evans has been at work for twelve years in Africa and knows the country and its people well. We wish we could give more extracts from the small book she has written.

EDITORIAL NOTES

WE KNOW THAT our readers will rejoice with us in the announcement that, in spite of hard times and advanced price, our annual count shows that WOMAN'S WORK has, during the year closing February twenty-eighth, increased by almost exactly two thousand its list of subscribers.

CHINA MISSIONARIES write of their efforts to help the unspeakable suffering in that country from the famine. Many are giving their whole time to this work, but they say that what they can do is "only as a drop in a bucket compared with the tremendous need. At the best hundreds of thousands will perish for, even if funds are sent us, there are few outside the mission force who can be trusted to distribute them and to oversee the work." The China Famine Relief is urgent in its appeals to every Christian to send contributions and also to help by buying, and advertising, the "Life-saving stamp." Millions of such stamps have been sold for other causes. The China stamp is sold for three cents, and every time one is pasted on the back of a letter it means that a starving person has been fed for one day. The stamps may be obtained from C. S. Clark, American Committee for China Famine Fund, Bible House, Astor Place, New York City.

WRITING FROM AFRICA a generation ago Adolphus Good said: "God was at work when we had least reason to expect it and now having seen His power we realize what we might accomplish by His power. He has been far more faithful in blessing the Gospel than we have been in preaching it. I would not underrate God's power but He uses means. Men who do not sow can not harvest." Carrying out this principle, Dr. Good earned

from the Africans the drum-name which, Miss Mackenzie tells us, means "Walking, walking, always walking." In the huge Continent of Africa our missionaries seem very few. In considering, at the Post-War Conference, the future expansion of our work Dr. Speer enumerated four criteria of judgment: 1. The responsibility of sole occupancy. 2. Responsiveness of the people. 3. Strategic importance. 4. Human need. Under Nos. one, two and four he placed Africa first of the ten missions mentioned. Under No. three he placed Japan first and Africa tenth.

AT THE SAME GREAT CONFERENCE one of our most experienced missionaries said: "I hope there will never be another Post-War Conference because I hope there will never be another World War, but when there is another conference on this scale, I do hope that a few native Christians can be included to tell us natives of America a few things as to what they think." Hearing recently at a home mission gathering, through an interpreter, the naive description by a Navajo Indian of the way in which the truth had reached his heart made us realize how valuable it would be if we could hear thus at first-hand from an African, a Korean, a Japanese, a Hindu, etc. And too it made us wish that the nations whom "God hath made of one blood" were still, as He created them, of one tongue also, and could speak heart-to-heart with each other without the need of an interpreter. The Japanese have a proverb: "To speak through an interpreter is like trying to scratch your foot with your shoe on!"

FORTY-TWO YEARS of service in Africa have been given by Mrs. Adolphus C. Good, who still continues in the harness,

her son and his wife helping too in carrying on work begun by her husband. The Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Johnston and the Rev. F. D. P. Hickman have filled out a full quarter of a century in Cameroun, though Mrs. Johnston has of late had to remain much of the time in this country.

NOTICE the new spelling of our station, formerly Fulasi, now under French readjustments to be spelt *Foulassi*, pronounced Fou-las-see. Also the change in the general address of the West Africa Mission given in connection with the list of missionaries. The Mission has received permission to open a new station at Yaounde, which is to be the seat of the new government of Cameroun, but this station does not yet appear on the map of Africa shown in the *Yearbook*.

A MOST INTERESTING LETTER recently came to the Editor from a correspondent in Ojai, California. The writer tells of the activities of the auxiliary there and especially of a letter read at its January meeting. The president of the auxiliary had asked a friend of hers, a teacher, who was going around the world, to visit some of our missionaries as he journeyed. The gentleman said he knew very little about missionaries as he had never been interested in the cause. So this thoughtful woman asked the traveler to take with him her *Yearbook of Prayer*, in which to find the names of the missionaries and where they lived. This he did, and from China he wrote back that he had called on many missionaries, informed himself about their work and was now a hearty, because an intelligent advocate of missions. "Send all the money you can for Missions," he adds, "there will never be enough!"

AN AFRICAN GIRL was sold when a little child to a leper. Her brother was a Christian, he went to the Governor and asked that the marriage be broken because of the man's leprosy. The Governor consented, with the condition that

the brother pay back the 360 francs paid for the girl. The first installment was paid, cutlasses, two iron pots, two enameled-ware pots, chickens, two sheep, and two dogs, one with puppies. Each article had a value and the total was marked down. Back of it all there is a happy girl because she is being freed from a marriage worse than death.

OUR FORMER MISSIONARY, Dr. F. W. Bible, long recognized as an authority on China has said: "Every cent spent for missionary work in China will react to the good of the United States of America. We cannot afford to have a China of exploited labor undercutting home products. We cannot afford to have a sick China spreading contagion throughout the world. We cannot afford to have an illiterate China or a morally backward China hindering world progress. The money spent in China by the churches is money spent for world prosperity and world peace."

THE SECRETARY OF LITERATURE in the Central Church of New York has served in that capacity for over thirty years. For many of those years she has never allowed her list of subscribers to WOMAN'S WORK to fall below one hundred. The list numbered a hundred and twenty-three when this loyal worker was stricken with severe illness and while she was laid aside she lost fifteen subscribers. Did she just let them drop out? Not she! As soon as she was able to get about again she promptly regained the wandering fifteen and added twelve new names, making her present list one hundred and thirty-seven. And she reports that she received not one complaint of the increase in the price of the magazine.

TO ONE OF OUR SECRETARIES OF LITERATURE there came recently, in answer to her letter of inquiry, a note which was so interesting historically and personally, and showed such courage and loyalty,

that we think it will not be a breach of confidence to pass it on to our readers, who will be stimulated by such a good example. "In replying to your kind letter of recent date I will say, 'We are seven!' The credit for what little our auxiliary has done belongs to the mother of three of us who are sisters—all over sixty years of age. Two other members are our daughters, so you see it is almost a family affair. Our mother was the first

President of the first missionary society organized in Ohio in 1873, and our father was one of the few elders who upheld the women in that *new* movement. A small church, sixteen members, was organized here in Rienzi, Miss., five years ago. All the women belonged to the Missionary Society. Death and several removals made it necessary to disband the church but *the missionary society still lives!*"

Easter Day

"The silver trumpets rang across the Dome:
The people knelt upon the ground with awe:
And borne upon the necks of men I saw,
Like some great God, the Holy Lord of Rome.
Priest-like, he wore a robe more white than foam,
And, King-like, swathed himself in royal red,
Three crowns of gold rose high upon his head:
In splendor and in light the Pope passed home.
My heart stole back across wide wastes of years
To One who wandered by a lonely sea,
And sought in vain for any place of rest:
'Foxes have holes and every bird its nest,
I, only I, must wander wearily,
And bruise my feet, and drink wine salt with
tears.'"

—Selected.

"TONIGHT in the quiet of the veranda, I was impressed by the supreme beauty of the French language in prayer. The crickets too were at vespers, but above their voices and the blare of the native band in the distance rose the quiet, steady, earnest words of Monsieur Bergeret. Simple petitions prefaced by the cry now and then, '*O notre Dieu, notre Père.*' Though I but faintly comprehended, yet I was conscious of the Unseen Presence; in quietness and peace we communed with God. I am very happy here. After all, thinking back over those I have met, it is the missionaries who are the happy people."

(Rev.) Joseph McNeill.

Our Missionaries in Africa

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES

General Address, except Benito: *Care Mission Protestant Américaine*, Kribi, Cameroun, W. Africa, via Bordeaux. Benito Mail: *Mission Americana*, Rio Benito, Guinea Espanola, W. Africa.

Mrs. A. N. Krug,	Benito	Mrs. E. C. Cowden,	Elat	Mrs. A. B. Patterson,	Lolodorf
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Mrs. A. G. Adams,	Batanga	Mrs. R. H. Evans,	"	Mrs. P. J. Kapteyn,	Foulassi
Mrs. H. A. Hoisington,	"	Mrs. C. W. McCleary,	"	Mrs. A. B. Lippert,	"
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Miss Lucia Hammond,	"	Miss Ruth Aikin,	Lolodorf	Miss Virginia McGilliard,	"
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Mrs. P. H. Combs,	Elat	Mrs. L. B. Good,	"	Mrs. H. W. Grieg,	"
				Mrs. Geo. Schwab,	"

In this country: Mrs. A. B. Carr, Potlatch, Idaho; Miss Verna E. Eick, Garrison, Ia.; Mrs. F. O. Emerson, 57 Grant Ave., Auburn, N. Y.; Mrs. F. M. Gault, 2093 N. Fourth St., Columbus, O.; Mrs. L. D. Heminger, Crown Point, Ind.; Mrs. F. H. Hope, Winona Lake, Ind.; Mrs. S. F. Johnson, 1443 Armadale Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. W. C. Johnston, 135 Duncan Ave., Washington, Pa.; Mrs. W. S. Lehman, 611 University St., Wooster, O.; Mrs. J. A. Reis, Jr., 57 Grant Ave., Auburn, N. Y.

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

ARRIVALS:

- At Quebec, Nov. 3—Rev. and Mrs. R. B. Love from the Punjab. Address, Braidwood, Ill.
- At New York, Jan. 12—Rev. C. M. Spining from Chile. Address, 15 Grover St., Auburn, N. Y.
- At New York, Feb. 1—Mrs. L. D. Heminger from W. Africa. Address, Crown Point, Ind. Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Reis from W. Africa. Address, 57 Grant Ave., Auburn, N. Y.
- At New York, Jan. 18—Mrs. J. N. Forman from India. Address, Lowville, N. Y.
- At London, England, Jan. 24—Rev. and Mrs. Geo. D. Thomson from S. China. Address, Care Capt. D. J. Everall, Underdale Hall, Shrewsbury, England.
- At San Francisco, Jan. 26—Rev. and Mrs. B. B. Bronson from Siam. Address, 1235 Park Ave., Alameda, Cal.; Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Holdcroft from Chosen. Address, Care Rev. W. T. Johnson, 278 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.
- At San Francisco, Feb. 11—Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Ellis from W. Persia. Address, 2231 Carleton St., Berkeley, Cal.
- At New York, Feb. 1—Mrs. J. A. Reis from W. Africa; Dr. Silas F. Johnson from W. Africa. Address, 1443 Armadale Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
- At San Francisco, Feb. 8—Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Reiner from Chosen. Address, 2830 Grove St., Berkeley, Cal.

DEPARTURES:

- From New York, Feb. 3—Rev. Edgar M. Wilson, returning to W. India.
- From New York, Feb. 5—Rev. and Mrs. D. C. Love, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hoisington, returning to W. Africa.
- From San Francisco, Feb. 8—Rev. and Mrs. A. V. Gray, returning to Kiangnan; Miss Margaret Best, returning to, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Lutz, Miss Olga C. Johnson, Miss Anna L. Bergman, to join the Chosen Mission; Miss Vista C. Black, Miss Elsie M. Priest, for Nanking University.
- From New York, Feb. 9—Mrs. W. A. Waddell, returning to Brazil.
- From Vancouver, Feb. 10—Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Boots, Miss Faye Fisher, to join the Chosen Mission.
- From San Francisco, Feb. 17—Dr. and Mrs. O. R. Avison, returning to, Dr. and Mrs. Douglas B. Avison, to join the Chosen Mission.
- From Vancouver, Feb. 23—Rev. A. G. Welbon, returning to Chosen.
- From New York, Feb. 25—Mrs. A. G. Cheney, returning to Mexico.
- From New York, Feb. 26—Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Frame, returning to E. Persia; Rev. and Mrs. V. E. Coapman, to join the Punjab Mission; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bradford, returning to W. Africa.

RESIGNATION:

- Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Gregory, of the Mexican Mission. Appointed 1911.

Girls' Good Times at Elat

(MRS. PAUL H.) LOUISE W. COMBS

AS I BEGIN to be able to use the language all the work grows more interesting to me. Every morning at eight o'clock I am in school acting as general superintendent over the girls, sometimes taking a class in reading or listening to a recitation. This year we have added hygiene

and a little manual training to our curriculum, and I have also begun to teach a little music, church hymns and a few French songs. The most joy and interest is manifested in the sewing classes. We are undertaking great things there! Half of the older girls are making bags

out of the native grass, while the rest are making a dress apiece. In other classes some are making baskets and picture frames from the grass, and others are sewing *bubas*, a sort of waist which is popular with the women. Beginners have been learning different stitches by making a French flag, while the second primer class has been making baskets of reeds.

I have eighty little black lambs in the dormitory who stay here at the station for the school term, and a hundred and thirty are enrolled in the day school. I can call all of them by name and remember whether I am talking to Mejo, Mvondo or Ngele! There is only a half-day session as in the afternoon the girls work for their food. This leaves me free in the afternoons to go to nearby villages where schools for the town women are held, taught by my oldest girls. There are eight of these. I visit some of them twice a week and welcome the chance to get acquainted with the women. They have so few pleasures in their lives that a visit from a white woman is talked about for a long time, especially if we go into a house and watch them cook. As a token of friendship they often bring a bit of food, sugar-cane, peanuts or plantain. On Sundays we all go to church in the morning and in the afternoon I meet with the girls while one of them takes charge of a sort of Christian Endeavor meeting in the schoolhouse.

The work with these girls is so full of possibilities! Some of them are so full of life and originality that I often wish I could take them into our home and try to make something out of them. Poor little scared things come to be en-



LITTLE SAMUEL. Does he not look as if he had just heard the Voice?

rolled, but their faces are eager and after we are friends they come to my front porch for visits. Just as sure as I become attached to one of them along comes some man and wants her for his wife! Not long ago one of these young men met me on the path and handed me a note, of which he was the writer. He asked in it to

see a certain girl. I invited him to my porch and called the girl, who came



Girl of eight learning to do her share of carrying burdens.

and stood with her back to the fellow while he talked. Soon she disappeared and he came over and told me she suited him and had consented to marry him. So among many other duties I am a matrimonial agent.

The little ones who have been taken



Some of our representatives in Africa: Standing, Miss Gocker, not now connected with the Mission, Mrs. Lehman; seated, Mrs. Neal and child, Miss Aikin.

from a marriage appeal to me the most. How they do enjoy the freedom of school life and the companionship of the other girls! They are usually bright in their lessons too and enter very readily into the spirit of school discipline. Our house is just a stone's throw from the school, on a moonlight night all the girls gather out in front of the building to dance and sing their native songs. Their brown bodies are so lithe and graceful and their bustles bob so jauntily, while they clap hands in time to the songs they sing, that we look long and admiringly at them. Such a chorus of quaint music is indeed inspiring, and we wonder how and why their brothers and husbands keep them in such slavery. Many are the nights that I have lain down to rest with the musical songs ringing through the quiet air, wishing that our educated girls at home could hear the echo of that song and come here to give their whole time to mothering these girls as no woman with a household, husband and children can afford to do.

ELAT.

"IT IS GOOD NEWS to us to hear that we are going to get a few more needed recruits for our depleted ranks but we are praying that many, many more young men and women may turn their attention to Africa. We have opened new places in the Makae and Njem country and if it were possible to send out some one to stay there permanently we would in a short time have a great work in that region but it remains to be seen just what will result with only one of the native boys to act as Superintendent. Tell the young men and women that we have a place for all of them who may want to do a paying work out here where the people are so hungry."

METET.

(Rev.) G. C. Beanland.

Helping African Women to Help Themselves

(MRS. E. A.) LÉONIE SIMAR FORD

READING in WOMAN'S WORK of March, 1920, Rev. J. E. Detweiler's article, *Enriched in Everything*, a longing came to me to tell the dear women of America that his words were a true picture of the needs of Africa; true, no doubt, of all Mission fields, but most of all of Africa. As the work of the Presbyterian Board in West Africa is much enlarged and has to take on great expansion I should so love to feel that our workers *could* go at it in a right way. This has never yet been possible! In

Africa, with the exception of but one or two stations only, the most primitive equipment for educational work has been available.

Mr. Detweiler quotes a missionary as saying after his visit to Porto Rico—that the greatest obstacle the Christian propaganda has to face in that island, is an economic one. How true of Africa! We have destroyed polygamy! What have we given in its place? We have given some book knowledge to the women! What use have they for that knowledge?

Here in Baraka work was started in 1840, it is one of the oldest stations on the West Coast.

What results do we see here today? Men have used their mental training to earn money. They were not taught "the gospel of work"—that is of working with their hands the rich soil of their own land. It is beneath them, not the work of a gentleman. Understand, this is not what was taught them, but it is the result of mission teaching as it has been and still is carried on. You at home may be surprised when I say that we have given and are giving far too much emphasis to intellectual education, and far too little to manual development. The contrast is too great between the folks in town who have and those who have not been to school. Our educated one

is a gentleman, a big person. We have taught, directly or indirectly, to those in school the art of dressing. There again the contrast is too great, our educated one dresses, he is a gentleman. In short we have brought them our twentieth century civilization and want them to be where we are now without passing through the centuries of *gradual development through which we have passed*.

Some will say: "But we have taught our boys and girls to work!" Yes, they take part in the station work, chiefly grass-cutting. But they spend three hours working where they spend five in

the class room. I personally would like to see this reversed and five to six hours given to manual work with only one to two hours spent at the school desk. Is this heresy?

Women are even more *déclassées*, and

here how sad is the result! At the celebration of Bastille Day, the Fourteenth of July, there are three days of festivities. Behold our girls! If it had not been for the black skin you could have supposed yourself in Europe as you saw their tasty, modish dresses. "Well," you say, "Is not that a pleasing result?" Yes, but—how did those girls get those fineries? Not by working with the intellectual knowledge which they had acquired in school, nor by the work of their hands, for they had not been taught to use their



An African Mother. Photo. taken on the day she herself and her baby were both baptized.

hands. Now in a way, I am condemning myself, for many of those girls were my own girls. I came here twenty years ago. But I was not working independently. Not only that but I was limited in every way. First, by ignorance of conditions and needs as I came to take up a work that had been interrupted for years. Next, by complete lack of equipment; last, but not least, by a complete lack of funds. So on this Fourteenth of July I exclaimed to friends, "That is what I have helped to bring about!" It is not the result I was striving for, but, nevertheless, I have had a hand in bringing

about such a result. I taught those girls to read and write, to sew, to laundry. If, instead, I could have taught them to surmount the difficulties in making a garden of native food products and a garden of European food products; if I could have taught them to raise chickens and ducks; keep cows or goats for their milk. If they had been taught basketry, weaving and to use native materials so abundant in the African forest—today they might realize that a woman can support herself honestly with the work of her own hands. They might find that it is not absolutely necessary for a woman to have a so-called husband to provide a house for her. Often that is all he does provide, unless she marries a white man—then life is easy! Then she becomes a lady!

A woman, formerly one of our school girls, replied to the missionary who was trying to get her to return to the Saviour: "What if you have no food?" What did she mean?

She meant that she could not be a Christian because for her there was but one way of getting a living. Yet I was told that that girl was the best sewer of her class, she learned to read and to write, etc.; and she is not the only one—Now these women are not to be harshly condemned. We have destroyed the old social conditions. The new conditions are no better if as

good. Polygamy itself is no worse than marriage or the lack of marriage as it exists today here in Africa.

I would not have you believe that we have had no results.—There are from six to ten dear women who are pure, good, true Christians. Of my girls I count perhaps half a dozen, a few more if I consider a very few who, married to white men, are really faithful. But these are not permanent marriages, or happy ones, and with very few exceptions never can be. Neither is a marriage with a black man sure to be "till death do us part." Indeed there are not as many black men as women, so there are girls who can not get a husband. An old maid is here an unheard-of creature, a pure, unmarried woman abnormal.

I can say that all through my missionary career I have felt the great need of developing industries to give the *women* a means of making a living. Lack of time—for we are always too few, have

far too many things to see to and no time for new experiments—lack of money for new forms of work, have prevented the accomplishment of this. Yet I feel that the need becomes ever more pressing. I have never felt it more keenly than during last year, which was our third of this term spent on the Ogowe, and this year, which we are spending at our old post, our first love.



Making solid mahogany furniture.

But we are hampered on every side, in every way.

Something serious *must* be done, and

thoroughly done for the women of this land or else we are working in vain.

BARAKA, GABOON.

BRIEFLY SUMMARIZED in the Annual Report of the Assembly's Board may be found outlines of industrial work of various kinds taught by our small mission force in West Africa. At Batanga the boys learned to weave grass pockets and bags in which to carry loads, they planted cocoa plants, cocoanuts and oil palms, and cracked the palm kernels. The boys did much the same work at Efulen, while the girls devoted to the garden three hours of every morning. The sixty or more of them harvested more than ten large baskets of peanuts during the last term. The town people had been suffering from partial failure of their crops so the girls worked extra hard, planting gardens of sugar cane, bikabe, plantain, corn and cassava, girls prepared the ground and planted, then the boys cut the products. An attempt was made to teach mat-weaving and also to teach the girls to sew, but the latter could not be carried on for lack of materials.

All sorts of active work have been going on

at Elat. Not only printing at the Press, which has produced nearly two million pages, but manufacturing of furniture, not only of the fine native woods but of the strong and tenacious bush-rope, also of hoes, rakes, knives, hats, clothes and shoes. In the shoemaking class the greatest ingenuity is displayed in handling the native, untanned leather, and in retrieving the wrecks of old, worn-out shoes. The tailoring class received more orders than could be filled, and made over a thousand garments. Pressing oil from castor beans was also one of the Elat industries.

Carpentering, sewing and gardening which resulted in plantain, corn, cassava and fruits were the manual activities at Maclean Station at Lolodorf and also at Metet. At Foullassi in addition to these, two porches were built on missionary homes. So it will be seen that at least some effort is made by our mission force to give this practical instruction which means so much to a people just emerging from savagery.

A Man's Job

(MRS. G. B.) MILDRED B. OGDEN

YES, TWO MEN'S JOB—and a *woman* doing it! When this woman deliberately abandoned an unusually large medical practice in Seattle to invest her life for India's suffering women perhaps there were those who pityingly said, "Poor dear, what a mistake!" But this doctor was going to a practice far larger, more exacting and immensely more remunerative than the one she left behind. Not remunerative by money standards—something better than that. Her reward is the gratitude, the love, the loyal friendship of hundreds of Indian women who would have suffered and died without help had Dr. Adelaide Woodard remained in Seattle.

Hardly a week has passed that Dr. Woodard has not performed some operation which American hospitals rarely see. One case has only two known equivalents in surgical records, and the woman who had been maltreated for days by native midwives, was brought nineteen miles over rough roads in an ox-cart to Fatehgarh Hospital and survived! The number of operations Dr. Woodard performs in an average week would make even the busiest New York surgeon open

his eyes. She works both accurately and quickly—a diseased limb was amputated in just fifteen minutes.

Suppose we go with the Doctor through one day. Breakfast is over at seven-thirty and she is in the hospital examining patients. Eight operations this morning, five of them major operations, and between times an occasional S. O. S. call from the dispensary. The old woman who was to have been operated on tomorrow has run away. Someone has told her what awful preparations must be gone through, even a bath in cold weather, so she has fled from the ordeal. And here come Ram Lal's women-folks in an *ekka*, with that little lad who has typhoid fever, a huddled heap in their midst. Why on earth did they disobey her orders? Well, they did hate to give the great Miss Sahiba the inconvenience of coming under their humble roof again. (In strict truth Ram Lal is a wealthy merchant, but his family want to save the visiting fee.) The boy has temperature of 105 degrees but he may pull through even yet. The Doctor tells them they must be crazy and they sheepishly admit it.

At noon a hurried lunch and to the train for Mainpuri. The next morning she treats thirty-seven patients and gives seven physical examinations, then starts back to Fatehgarh. Home at one A. M., two hours of sleep, and then a call from the city, and the Doctor is off again. With care and skill she performs a Cæsarean section and by nine o'clock in the evening is again at home, reporting mother and baby as doing well. A few minutes of rest, then the rattle of a vehicle outside. Will Dr. Woodard please come at once to the city for a bad obstetric case? And she goes.

Perhaps we have had enough, but the Doctor, after a few hours of rest, will be at it again as hard as ever.

There is a proverb on the Labrador coast, oft-quoted when gales are worst. "This wind will bring the Doctor!" It is not hard to find a land comparison. No time, no circumstances are too hard for Dr. Woodard. She has ridden miles and miles over rutty sand roads, her conveyance the two-wheeled native cart, a carriage designed for human torture if there ever was one. Her tremendous physique and never-say-die spirit are responsible for the fact that this life has not broken her health.

Nature was generous to Adelaide Woodard; circumstances were not. A child of the Wisconsin limberlost, orphaned early, she worked her way through school, then studied nursing and supported herself through years of medical study by nursing. Then came her hospital apprenticeship and at last the time when she could begin to build up a practice. She left this to study in London and Vienna, returning, not to Wisconsin, but to Seattle, to be near an invalid sister. Again the pull to gain success. Six years ago she discarded what another physician would consider a well-earned, comfortable berth for life and now is devoting her time, her supreme gifts and great heart to the womanhood of India.

Able to do things fast as well as right, she can pack extra things into some days.

For instance, the Doctor will spend a half-hour in the kitchen while the rest of the household slumbers and presto! doughnuts appear on the breakfast table. If some afternoon, after one of her busiest mornings, there happens to be a lull of activities you will find her making a warm coat for a servant's child or hemming new sheets for the hospital. As a hostess she is an assured and charming woman and her hospitality is generously extended to all her friends of whatever color. The "music box"—a fine Victrola—is a great asset in entertaining her Indian friends.



Dr. Adelaide Woodard.

When the kodak snapped this little picture, Doctor Woodard was just about to start on a calling tour, not exactly a social round; she stopped in fifty homes that afternoon inviting the women to her purdah party. They think it's just a purdah party but it really is a club for social improvement, and the attendance has ranged from

157 to 248 on various occasions this year. Better homes, better women and better babies will be the results of the ideals of character and cleanliness inculcated there and a feeling of good-will toward Christianity which will bear tangible fruit some day.

A pity there aren't more such clubs in India! Yes, and more women doctors to make them possible. The response of these purdah women is not their response to an ordinary invitation nor to an ordinary person. Dr. Woodard has won the good-will of the community, she has won their hearts by her strenuous consecrated life; by days spent in their service; by nights interrupted by their cries of pain.

This challenge comes to you, young woman of the clear eye and trained mind! It comes to you who have interested yourself in city problems, in settlement-house work; it comes to you with double force if you are equipped for the work of healing, that magic talisman by which all hearts open to the love of God. It comes to you who have thought of the missionary's life as a narrow thing, somehow associated with bonnet strings, pious phrases and tracts. You want some sphere where your gifts, all of them, may shine with use. You want life interests as broad as the world and deep as human hearts. You want to count for all that is in you. Then do not let the moan of India's womanhood, oppressed, sin-

blighted, superstition-cursed—be drowned by the traffic noise of your own city streets.

A woman sat on two little piles of bricks. A fire on the ground behind her smudged the air, already vile. A crowd of relatives, old and young, had gathered and were looking on her pain. They could not relieve it, nor did the ministrations—none too gentle—of the outcaste woman who was trying to treat her do anything but increase the suffering of her wracked body. She had sat thus for four days, "*Hai, hai!*"—she rocked back and forth in agony. *She would have sat there and groaned and suffered until she died* if a big Doctor with sure hands and a tender heart had not heard God's call to India.



Just caught! Pupils for the first school in Minglona, started by the evangelist, on their first day—twenty boys and four girls.

Into Far Corners

(MRS. R. H.) BERTHA C. EVANS

WE LEFT Foullassi on a bright morning, on bicycles and in bush-chairs, and as we passed through our "home towns," nearby there was a continual chorus of "Go in peace!"

At Binjom, we stopped to talk Girls' School in the town where one of our church elders lives; then we hurried on to Njantom, the next evangelist's town,

where we stopped to eat lunch and rest for about an hour—the sun was shining pretty strong and we were glad to get into the shade for a little while. When we finally started for Minkan the rain began to pour. Fortunately, we were at the end of the caravan, and no one got very wet. We had Bulu umbrellas (big banana leaves) so Miss McG. and I came

up the big hill in style—Bulu style! We were glad to see the nice large house which had just been built for the occupancy of ourselves and other white people who will visit there in the future—and glad for a chance to sit down and relax—it had been rather a strenuous day, and I had a big headache, while Miss McG.'s neck hurt more than a headache, she said. . . . I was amused to see the schoolgirls as they stood watching us start the next morning—it was very chilly, and a fine mist was falling—they were all standing in line, one close behind the other, in order to keep warm, and none of them wanted to be first or last in the line lest she be cold in front or in back!

As usual, a number of sick people came to ask for medicine. One of them, the mother of Mvondo Ngan, one of our most dependable teachers, came to ask what could be done for her. She has been sick for a long time—I think she probably has a tumor. When I told her I could not give her medicine, she said she knew that—that she had come to ask how soon the doctor was coming to Foulassi. I told her we had hoped he would soon come, but that now we learned we could not expect him this year, "because the doctors are scarce," I said. Her answer was, "And do I have to die because the doctors are scarce?" Many times, later on during the trip, I thought, as I saw so many, many sick people, "And these have to die because the doctors are scarce!" . . .

Shortly before noon we reached Nkol Ebenge, the highest hill in this part of Bululand. It took us a good half hour to climb it—a steady pull up and up—the children rode up in style, but we all walked. At the very top, we stopped for lunch. The view from the top of the hill is wonderful—one can see for miles in every direction—and everywhere, just forest and forest—not a house anywhere, nor even a clearing. We had a good rest, but soon pushed on, for we had about 23 miles to go that day. . . .

Our first stop the next day was at Bikula, where the teacher adjourned his

school so that the children could come out and see us. I was glad again to see old Nlamelu'u, a Christian woman who was kind to us when we passed that way long ago. This time, she had a big pot of peanut soup ready for our carriers, and some hot roasted peanuts for us. You see, the people had just harvested their peanuts a little while before, and they were eager to have something for us—there were usually peanuts, bananas or sugarcane when we came into an evangelist's town. Nlamelu'u complained, just as she did that other time, that the wild cattle were spoiling her gardens—and indeed, we saw their tracks in a number of places in that neighborhood.

The next day we passed over historic ground—the westernmost boundary of the war, along the Ako'ofem, the boys showed me trees scarred by bullets, several trees whose tops had been shot out by cannon, the place where a white officer was wounded, the tree behind which an-



Mpikililu Falls, on the road from Kribi to Lolo-dorf. Photos. by Dr. W. S. Lehman.

other hid, the graves of some German native soldiers, the graves of some native French soldiers, where the trenches had been, etc.

Before noon we had reached Endenge—the first real milestone in our trip. We were glad to be able to “sit down” in one place from Thursday until Monday, and the days we spent there were very pleasant. The house built for the occupancy of the white man who comes for the Communion season is comfortable. There was seldom a time that we were alone, almost always someone was there with a question, or just to stand and look at us, they seemed to get so much satisfaction out of that. I had meetings for the women—about 100 were there each time—and each afternoon a preparatory meeting, with a large attendance.

One morning we had a unique experience. I had never seen the dwarfs, nor

their town.

They had been camping just a short distance from Endenge, and two of their women had come into Endenge that morning. With great difficulty, we persuaded them to

take us back to their camp.

They are very shy, and did not want to come out of the house so we could see them, much less

take us to their town. But they finally consented, and we found their camp very interesting. Their houses are really just shelters, built of strong withes bent and woven together until a conical hut is formed—this is covered carefully and systematically with branches until the shelter is quite watertight. It seemed very small, and had only a low door through which one had to enter on hands and knees—we were glad we did not *have* to enter. A whole family lives in one of those tiny huts, the whole company cooks on one fire and they all eat in one group. Every evidence showed them to be very much more primitive than the Bulu. They have an entirely different language, many of them do not understand Bulu at all. They were all, except those two women, off on a hunting trip, and might be gone for weeks or months. They are very servile, and attach themselves, in a small group of 15 or 20, as in this case, to a strong headman, whose slaves they become—they supply him with meat, and he protects them and sometimes gives them salt, etc. They do not make any gardens, but when on these camping trips, they live entirely on the animals they kill and on such roots, fruits, etc., as they find in the forest. When one of their number becomes ill, they care for him for a time, but as soon as he seems critically ill, they carry him away and abandon him to die alone—even their little children they leave that way. We were glad to hear that several of them have become Christians, in that group.

There were a good many guests at the Endenge Communion—some of them had walked 60 miles to be there. I enjoyed getting in touch with them, and they seemed to enjoy it, too.

I can only touch the high spots of our week of travel—the evangelists' towns where we stopped, without mentioning all the other villages in between. For hours we would travel through forest only, without a house or a town in many miles. Virgin forest it is, too, one can know it has stood that way for generations and centuries—never cleared.



A schoolboy with his umbrella.

We found many people clearing spaces in the forest, between towns, for their new season's gardens. A Bulu woman makes her peanut and corn garden in a new place every Bulu season—twice a year—and it is the man's work to clear the forest where she wishes to plant. After he has felled the smaller trees, cut out the undergrowth, burned it, and set fire to the stumps of the larger trees, she must go in with her tiny, short-handled hoe, and prepare the soil for planting peanuts and corn. In her last year's garden, she will plant cassava, plantain and bikabi, etc. We were sorry to see that *zam mbon* (cassava leprosy) had spread even that far—the cassava was frequently affected, the leaves being spotted and shrunk. This plant disease has made the food question assume serious proportions in some places between Foulassi and the coast, and we were dismayed to find it even 100 miles to the east of us. It is as if our whole wheat crop at home were suddenly threatened, for the cassava roots make the Bulu bread which is quite indispensable. Only here, unfortunately, we have not a whole company of Government experts who can at once turn their attention to the disease, find its cause or its cure, and with the help of the whole nation, stamp it out, as would be the case at home. If the Government is doing anything about it, we have not heard of it. Our own newly arrived man, Mr. Buck, Cornell Agricultural College graduate, is already working at it, but he will be hampered, no doubt, by lack of knowledge and experience with conditions out here. We hope most earnestly that it may be quickly checked, lest a serious situation face all the natives of this part of the colony. . . . The moonlight that night was exceptionally brilliant, Miss McG. and I walked up and down through the long town, followed by an admiring crowd. We watched the young girls dancing, and marvelled at their grace and rhythm, remarking how people "at

home" would be surprised if they could see these girls—"Talk about aesthetic dancing!" Miss McG. said. During that night we were awakened by a commotion—the driver ants were in the boys' kitchen and they were trying to drive them out and keep them from coming to visit us.

On Sunday morning there was a very good attendance to initiate the establishment of a new Communion point at Mvam—we counted 15 headmen, and there were more than that—948 were present. Five adults and four babies were baptized. The services, morning and afternoon, were impressive. We were very glad we could be there.

That night it rained—and we soon decided that it was a real rainy-season rain that we were having—for it certainly did pour! We were glad to get back to Minkan, we should have been more glad to come right on in to Foulassi, but that would be a great disappointment to the people, so we stayed there for the balance of the week. We had many visitors and much "conversation," I had meetings with the women, and soon it was Sunday, with two good services and then—getting ready to go HOME! We had come a long way—250 miles. We had been in the Fang country, through forest and towns, we had seen beautiful trees and flowers, we had seen the tracks of many animals, from elephants and wild cattle and pigs down to the very tiniest antelope, no larger than a cat, we had seen gardens and streams, we had talked with many people, we had held 30 meetings, and we had enjoyed it all, but now we were going HOME—and that was best of all. And all my school girls, lined up along the path, looked so good to me, and they seemed glad to see us, too. And when we came into the house, and found it all newly scrubbed, flowers in all the vases, and dinner ready to eat, we were more than ever sure that there is no place like home!

THE HAT CLASS of the Industrial School did not find a sale for all its productions, for as one African put it, "Will a man buy a hat while the rest of his body is naked?" . . .

With Presbyterian Young People

The Lantern Bearer

LUCY P. MCCURDY

"MINLA IS THE LITTLE BLACK BOY who carries my lantern on my journey through the forest of our neighborhood. He is too small to carry more of my outfit but he has begged to go with me. 'Even if I cannot carry a real load,' he tells me, '*I can carry a lantern, and surely you will be needing one.*'"

When I walk at night, Minla, *because he carries the lantern, walks before me in the path.* A lovely little circle of light falls about us there in the great dark of the forest. And because *we are not the only travelers to be abroad in the night,* often and often we are followed by the sound of a padding of bare feet in the way behind us. Sometimes, on the highway, the sound has been the sound of so many feet that I have said to Minla:

'Cover the lantern.' This he does with the skirt of the little cloth he wears about his middle. Then I am able to see the many people who have been following our light, sometimes as many as fifty carriers crowding up behind us, leaning forward a little under the weight of the loads they are carrying, looking at the white woman and at the black boy who carries the lantern. *You will always be followed in the night of the forest if you carry a lantern,* the people who walk in that great darkness are glad to follow the light.

Then I have thought of the few missionaries and of the many thousands of black people who are Christians, carrying the word of God and the things of school and the things of healing and all the other lanterns *that are the things of the Spirit of God shining in the dark of that forest,* that they were like Minla, with his little light that was a lamp to my feet, and to the feet of so many other travelers who were abroad in the night."

With this charming picture Miss Jean Mackenzie introduces an attractive new series of sketches, especially planned for Presbyterian young people and printed in two parts under the name *African Lanterns*. The little message which follows is all found in the italicized words. She who is in a hurry may read—and run!

Why were you chosen to leadership? Because you "can carry a lantern."

What privilege and responsibility does leadership involve? "Because he carries the lantern, he walks before."

Why should you accept this responsibility? "We are not the only travelers to be abroad in the night."

How big is your vision of the task? Do you know "you will always be followed in the night of the forest if you carry a lantern?"

THREE PROBLEMS FOR LEADERS

THERE is a constantly changing personnel of officers and membership in all forms of young people's organizations. The work of the synodical and presbyterial secretaries should not be discouraging though it necessitates a constant educational program. Remember, though you lose the local young leaders you have trained, for they progress into life work, you have *educated leaders* for the things of the Kingdom.

Your charges have not been trained by years of loyalty to the missionary enterprise of the church to stand fast. They are inclined to answer the most recent or local call which is presented, scattering their interest and gifts to other forms of service. You must therefore keep in close touch with them.

Ignorant, densely ignorant are our young folk concerning the missionary enterprise of our church. Informational material on foreign missions, or on the objects for their support does not reach them. The fault lies somewhere between Headquarters and the local missionary committee.

OUR GOALS FOR 1921-1922

First: Will you, presbyterial secretaries, without once saying "die or give up" open a correspondence trail through to every local society? Don't send out informational material or literature until you have found a reliable correspondent. Then, find where the informational material which should reach the local societies is being lost, and "expose the guilty party."

Second: Aim to have every organization of Young People, Westminster Guild, Young Women or Children visited by their synodical or presbyterial secretaries or by a missionary or Board representative. It is desirable that the secretaries should wherever possible make this friendly personal contact.

Third: Send at least three letters a year to your correspondents, with suggestions for new methods of presenting missions (special programs, pageants, etc.), mission study, financial obligations, summer schools, literature available. Do not bring all of these points into every letter, especially requests for money.

The secret of leadership, what is it? The answer is found in this little tale of Miss Mackenzie:

THE GIRL AND THE QUESTION

"IT IS A SUNDAY, after the pressure and clamor of the church service. I am writing a letter. Three young girls are sitting in my room, they chat as I write. One of them is the matron of the girls' dormitory, she is about

eighteen years old, and not at present married. She is very pretty, there is a silver ornament thrust in her hair beside her temple. I have the greatest respect for this young person because she dominates the fifty odd, wild Bulu and Bene girls who are under her charge, in the girls' town at the foot of my hill. This morning, when I heard a great shouting from that direction, I sent her a message that while I certainly like my girls to be joyous, I required more restraint on the Sabbath. Evindi herself came in answer to say, that of course she had given the girls my message, but that they were not at fault, as the noise of which I had accused them was made by the chimpanzees in the forest! What could she do?

The other two young girls are of a very primitive type, in aprons of green leaves and with wonderfully dressed heads. They are married to old men and they hate their hus-

bands. They enlarge upon this grievance, sitting there on my floor. There is a heated competition between the two, and the one who is trying to be a Christian proves loquaciously that it is hard to be a Christian in her town and with her husband. I see that wicked town and that wicked old man. Suddenly my Evindi asks the injured one in an undertone—*'Ah, Friend—do you love Jesus?'*

A silence falls between those two young girls who look at each other, eye to eye, there is a withdrawal of all expression from the young fretful face. Nothing is said for a few minutes in my room, and when the girls break out again it is on another key. Something thrilling had happened in that strange moment when one young African girl had put to another the question that is the answer to all the difficulties of Christian living, in a village of that dark forest or in America.

What the Furloughed Missionary Enjoys

BY ONE OF THEM

HAVING just returned from a two-years' furlough, I feel that I want to send back a word about some of the things I enjoyed most—I mean the very human side of me, which every missionary woman possesses. I fancy I am not peculiar, so perhaps some of you women at home may be able by doing likewise to add a few more bright spots to the furlough year of the missionary in whom you are interested.

I enjoyed the long rides in many motor-cars, both along city streets and through beautiful countrysides, all the dear familiar scenes we miss in the field where I am at work.

I enjoyed the beauty, dignity and quiet of church services in big, dim churches with their stained glass windows, the roll of the organ and the music of the choir. Here we have the sincerity but never the quiet and dignity of worship.

I enjoyed several performances of a famous Symphony Orchestra where we heard world famous musicians and (may I confess it?) the seats among people of wealth and refinement which were ours for the day. But just as happy were some excursions with friends of slimmer purses, when we slipped into seats high up in the gallery and listened to Tetraxini and Galli-Curci.

I enjoyed some days on a farm where

the children ran wild and I helped my hostess with all her round of work. There is no choosing between this and some wonderful dinners in splendid homes with all the accompaniment of luxurious food, beautiful surroundings and perfect service.

I enjoyed a month at a Bible Institute where for a while I could drink in, instead of continually giving out.

I enjoyed being just a church member, a member of a Sunday-school class and a missionary society—and oh! best of all were the times when the women forgot I was a missionary for awhile, ceased to set me on a pedestal and just loved me for myself alone!

I enjoyed a "shower," which came as a "thank you" for conducting a mission study class, and which poured jars of fruit and jelly and pickles, a priceless addition to the pantry of the missionary who "keeps house" on furlough. And there were other showers which rained frivolous gifts such as dainty collars, bits of lingerie, doilies and handkerchiefs.

Numberless other happy things there were, and some sad ones. I have written of these for the two-fold reason of rendering thanks due to the women who did these lovely things for me and of bespeaking like loving kindness for others of the sisterhood as they come back.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

SYRIA

HER many friends in this country will be glad to hear from sorely-stricken Mrs. F. E. Hoskins, who writes from Beirut: "I want to give my testimony to the kindness and sympathy which has enveloped me. I never dreamed of such overwhelming sharing of my sorrow by all classes and conditions of friends. During the first month after my husband's death I had over a thousand callers, the first mail from America brought me over a hundred letters. My Syrian friends say: 'Your sorrow is ours, we are sharers in your grief.' And 'May God not cause you to forget your sorrow,' meaning that *he* was worthy of always being mourned for. All beg me to stay here and after much thought I have decided to continue my home and to do what I can in carrying on what my husband and I have done together for thirty-two years. Mr. Hoskins knew that was my intention and he approved."

CHINA

MRS. RICHARD M. PEARCE, of Philadelphia District, writes from China of her fresh impressions there: "The Gleysteens took me to Truth Hall, the boys' school, where the boys are, among other things, learning to be self-supporting. They have their own printing press and a sanitary rug factory, run by the boys, where orders for any size rugs can be filled. Then we went to the Woman's Hospital, the girls' school and the kindergarten, all impressive on account of the work they do and the people they reach. . . . I came away satisfied and happy that our representatives in Peking really represent the Presbyterian Church and the ideals it stands for and are making such a success of their job. . . . Nearly everything helpful that has been done for China so far has been through missionary effort. We have met many high class, cultivated Chinese, who speak beautiful English and in every case they learned it first in mission schools. . . . I get a new thrill every time I go out. Picture yourself finding a camel crouching at your front gate as I did yesterday! The camel trains go through Peking all day long and whenever they think it necessary to rest, no matter where they may be, down they squat! . . . Going to visit the Ming Tombs I felt as if I were back in Old Testament times. All day long we rode on our little donkeys through the country, flat, drab and colorless, with here and there a tiny village. I pinched myself to be sure I was still in the twentieth century. With camels passing on their way to the desert, an occasional man riding an ass, shepherds with huge flocks of sheep, here and there a man ploughing: his tiny field with a water buffalo hitched to the plough, the great China wall in sight—can't you just see the Biblical picture it made? . . . Mr. Torrey is away on Famine Relief Work—just now famine is all we talk or think of."

DR. HERMAN BRYAN writes from the Temple Hill Hospital at Chefoo: "A patient who had been in the Hospital before came for another operation, but knowing he was a poor stone-cutter the doctor said he would excuse his fee this time. 'Oh, no,' says the stone-cutter, 'a friend loaned me a dollar to pay.' Another patient, after his abscess was opened, handed the doctor ten dollars. The next day when the doctor went to church he noticed the man beside him and found it was the man who had donated the ten dollars."

"The Ma-to is a street along the wharf where coolies are many. They have no homes and many wear gunny sacks for clothes. One such was brought to the Hospital today, but he has clothes. 'Oh, yes,' said the one who brought him, 'I bought him some *proper* clothes first.' 'Who are you that you brought him?' said the doctor. 'Oh,' says he, 'I was operated upon here last year.'"

"Dr. Corbett was asked by a Chinese student in America to take fifty dollars to the wife and mother of this man. 'Who supports you?' says Dr. C. 'Support myself,' says the young fellow. 'How?' says Dr. C. 'Selling curios, renting and sub-letting rooms and being janitor for the other students,' says he."

"The missionary pastor's study door opened and in came a countryman. 'What are the Christians doing out your way?' 'We have raised money to build a chapel but need a hundred dollars more,' says the countryman, 'can you loan it?' 'No,' said the pastor, 'but I will ask a Chinese elder in the City church.' On going to the elder's house he heard a great noise. 'What is the matter?' 'Oh, my son's wife has just died of influenza' (and a couple of servants died two days later). 'Then I had better not talk business,' says the pastor. 'Can do,' says the elder. On being asked to loan the country church a hundred dollars, he replied that he would not make a loan but that he could give them fifty dollars outright."

"Again the pastor's door opened. Another countryman entered from another district, 'And what do you want?' says the pastor. 'I have a deed to a building that a Chinese has given us so we will have a chapel to worship in and I want you to keep it safely for us,' says the countryman."

FROM DR. JESSIE CARLETON, of India: "Here I am back again in lovely Wooster after taking the cream off from half the Continent, as my stepmother insisted on my going to Colorado to see her. Besides that I saw my father's only living brother, eighty-seven years old, in South Dakota. Seven states I went through and the boundless West was a revelation which my New England eyes needed. You can sing your patriotic hymns better if you know the West as well as the East. And now I hear that I go back to India *via* Japan. Just think of the luck! I had given up expecting to see those lands. I am the most fortunate of mortals. This has been my finest vacation!"

HOME DEPARTMENT

The New Educational Committee

MRS. NOBLE C. KING TELLS WHAT IT HAS TO SAY REGARDING PROGRAM FOR 1921-22

THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING of the new Educational Committee, continuing the work formerly carried by the secretaries for missionary education of the Assembly's and Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions, met at No. 156 Fifth Avenue, January 21 and 22. The committee consists of Miss Belle Lobenstine, chairman; Mrs. Harrison Serrell and Mrs. Stanley White, with Mrs. Edgar D. Faries and Mrs. Noble C. King as co-operating members and Miss Gertrude Schultz, educational secretary. Meeting with the committee were Mr. B. Carter Millikin of the Assembly's Board, and Mrs. M. J. Gildersleeve, of the Woman's Home Board. Also Mrs. Roys, General Secretary, Mrs. Silverthorn, Mrs. Keck, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Faris, District Secretaries of the new National Board. The committee felt a sense of deep satisfaction in the thought that this meeting inaugurated a new decade of work for missionary education under the direction of a united department of Assembly's and Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions. Reports of the present year showed up to date a most encouraging increase of approximately five hundred groups studying a text-book, over the same period last year. Text-books in preparation for 1921-22 were discussed and plans laid for more efficiently meeting the educational needs of our constituency. The basis for the year's educational program will be found in the *five* new text-books which the committee at its meeting recommended for the new year of study throughout the Presbyterian Church. The titles are printed below, with a brief note as to the contents of each.

I. THE KINGDOM AND THE NATIONS, by Dr. Eric North, published by Central Committee on United Study.

This book is suitable for adult groups of men and women, particularly for those having a background of missionary history. The author's method of study is to pass rapidly through the major fields of missionary work, starting with Japan and moving westward. Outstanding characteristics of each, and the strength of Christian forces in it, are noted, especially those conditions of life and those national problems which most need the influence of the Gospel of Christ. The two final chapters present a strong challenge to the Christian church of every land. Are the Christian forces of the world sufficient to meet the challenge revealed by the survey of the preceding chapters? What is required of them in this crucial hour of world history?

II. THE WHY AND HOW OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, by Dr. Arthur J. Brown.

This book is an old friend and one which had a large share a decade ago in laying the foundation for the present wide and intelligent interest in foreign missions. It has been in constant use since first published, and no later text-book has taken its place as a fundamental and inspirational study of the foreign missionary enterprise. Dr. Brown has recently revised his book, and it is being published by the Missionary Education Movement as its 1921-22 text-book. As a committee we joyfully welcome its appearance in its new dress, believing it to be a most important course for Senior Young People, and adults who have not previously studied it, and asking for it a large share in the study work of the year.

III. VARIED TYPES OF FOREIGN MISSIONARY SERVICE (title undetermined), by J. Lovell Murray, Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Particularly adapted to young people just entering college or business, ages 18-20. The chapter headings will indicate the contents of the books: 1. Planting the Church. 2. Conserving Physical Life. 3. Enlightening the Mind. 4. Literary Work. 5. Industry and Agriculture. 6. Changing Social and National Conditions. 7. Christianizing International Contacts. 8. Methods for the Church to Use.

IV. A NOBLE ARMY, by Ethel D. Hubbard.

A biographical study of six great missionaries, for Intermediate young people, ages 12-18. Chapter subjects are: The Smoke of a Thousand Villages (The Moffatts); The Boy with the Five Talents (William Carey); The King of the Cannibals (John G. Paton); The Hermit

of the Himalayas (Mary Reed); The Veteran of Van (Dr. William Raynolds); Service Stars (Mary Morrill and General Feng).

V. UNDER MANY FLAGS, by Mrs. Katherine Cronk and Mrs. Elsie Singmaster.

This book is published by the Missionary Education Movement, and is the only Junior book to be issued for foreign missions. The chapter titles stimulate interest and we insert a few of them. There are eight in all. The Baker by Necessity, Cyrus Hamlin; The Man With a Million Bibles, Hugh Tucker; Tree Not Shaken by the Wind, Fred Hope; When Mary Was Afraid, Mary Slessor; The Boy for Whom No One Cared, David Day; Sixty-six Days with the Bandits, Dr. Shelton.

IT IS A TRUISM that there are some names that were "not born to die." Of none is this truer than of the name of David Livingstone. It was forty-eight years ago that *Punch* wrote of him:

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with King and statesman, chief and sage,

The missionary come of weaver-kin,

But great by work that brooks no lower wage."

And ever since one after another, remembering him, has trodden the dark African paths which his feet made sacred. The latest chronicle of such a journey is poetically called *Streams in the Desert*, and is an account by J. H. Morrison, M.A., of travel to and life in Livingstonia, fully illustrated and published by the Geo. H. Doran Company, price \$1.50. On his voyage to Africa two of Mr. Morrison's fellow-passengers were grandchildren of Livingstone, Dr. Wilson and his sister, on their

way to work among the people of the interior. Pictures of Africa pass before the reader as if the reel were turning with these pages. The shore, the hills, the forest, the cataract, the bronze backs and gleaming shoulders of the carriers sweating under their loads, "the little gray thread" of the path through the forest, "worn by the soft tread of naked feet," the orange blaze of the campfire in the black velvet of the night; on the coast, "native churches filled with eager, reverent worshippers, while the white men are absorbed in their Sunday golf or cricket." The wild life where lions and leopards, crocodiles, driver ants and deadly tsetse-flies still abound, the fierce savagery and the simple, childlike friendliness, quaint customs—all are sketched and illustrated with many funny and touching stories. Vivid too is the picture of the lonely spot in the forest where is buried the heart of Livingstone. *Streams in the Desert* will be a much-called-for book in many a missionary library. E. E.

"Coo-cooing is another pretty custom of the Winamwanga. When friends meet they place their hands on each others' shoulders, and by way of salutation say, 'Coo-coo,' like a pair of turtle doves. Nor is the language of politeness a-wanting. 'Have you slept well?' asks the host in the humble hut. To which the guest replies courteously, 'You have guarded me through the night.' . . . It was among these people that we first heard the fond injunction to 'keep the home fires burning.' It was Kalulu's wife who said it. We had picked him up at a village to be cycle-boy on the long

trek to the south, and as we were moving off a comely young matron appeared with a baby slung on her back. We thought she had come to stop him, as the wives had a habit of doing. But no, she said she was quite willing he should go. Then, turning to Kalulu, she uttered some words in Chinanwanga. 'Do you know what she said?' asked the Doctor. 'She said, 'Good-bye, my husband, do not let the fire go out'—the fire of his heart's love. A charming farewell truly, and almost incredible as addressed to a naked savage.'

—From *Streams in the Desert*.

THE FINAL TEST

Buddhist, Brahman, Moslem, Christian, all,

Each in his way, has his deliverer born;

But only one received God's coronal,

For only one has resurrection morn.

—Mabel Bourquin.

Foreign Mission Reinforcements for Nineteen-Twenty-One

REV. DR. ORVILLE REED

Candidate Secretary of the Assembly's Board

NEW RECRUITS for foreign service commissioned by the Board in 1920 numbered about a hundred and sixty. Spread out over all the world, with losses in the entire force through death, resignation and withdrawal deducted, this makes only a meagre net gain.

I am asked what part of the country furnished these carefully selected new missionaries? From what homes did they come? What institutions prepared them for their difficult and delicate service? What experience had they already had? What departments of the great enterprise do they now enter, and to what countries have they gone? They came from homes of moderate means. Many of those young people worked their way through their courses of preparation. The farm furnished a splendid basis and experience for the trying and exacting conditions many of them will meet on the foreign field. Seventy-five to eighty per cent. of them came from Presbyterian homes! Our own Church, out of her very heart-life, is providing the new recruits needed for her foreign service.

The Middle West furnished the larger proportion; next the Eastern States, with the balance pretty evenly divided between the South and the Pacific Coast. It would seem as though the Eastern States were reviving foreign missionary interest: ten years ago seventy-nine per cent. of our

new recruits came from west of the Ohio River. Of training schools, Wooster College claimed the largest number, with Occidental second and Park third. Among the State Universities, Wisconsin furnished four candidates, Illinois and Ohio each two, with five other State institutions each furnishing one. McCormick Seminary stands at the head of the list as furnishing theological preparation, having nine to its credit, with Princeton second and San Francisco third.

Five of these new recruits were Fellowship men; eight had taken their A.M.; four were Honor students; sixty-three had had teaching experience; seven had already been on the foreign field as Special Term teachers; eighteen were in the United States service during the war, many of them in France; twelve are the children of missionaries, nearly all born on the foreign field. During the war we could not secure a single trained nurse—the Government claimed them all: last year we sent out eighteen.

We are looking for an even finer group to send out in 1921.

We need the choicest young men and women the Church can produce, and with the fullest equipment. Their fields are waiting for them, their comrades in service are begging for reenforcements. May our Church make a strong and adequate response to their appeals!

The Book Stall

LATIN AMERICA

Four Weeks in the Saddle, .06. A graphic account of an itinerating trip in Colombia taken with a colporteur by Rev. W. E. Vanderbilt.

Airplane Messages from South America, .05. Striking bits of news, tersely put, from the most recent letters.

Guatemala—Land of Burden-Bearers, .05. Descriptions of the country and its people; information, condensed, up-to-the-minute.

Yucatan—Our Responsibility, .05. Dealing with a section of country and its people which are peculiarly our Presbyterian obligation.

(The four leaflets mentioned above are just off the press.)

OTHER WORTHWHILE LEAFLETS ON LATIN AMERICA

An Endless Chain, .03; *A Revival in Colombia*, .03; *A Visit to Barranguilla*, .03; *Conservation and Reconstruction in Chile*, .04; *Then*

and Now—Contrasts of Fifty Years in South America, .05; *Historical Sketch of South America*, .10; *Home-Life in Brazil*, .03; *Home-Life in Mexico*, .03; *Schools and Colleges in South America*, .05; *Schools and Colleges in*

Mexico, .04; *The Turner-Hodge School, Merida, Yucatan*, .06; *A Mexican Girl* (Monologue), .03; *The Call of South America* (Hymn), .02.

ADDITIONAL TIMELY LEAFLETS

Printed since March WOMAN'S WORK went to press

Mrs. Loomis Changes Her Mind, .04, by Mrs. B. A. Thaxter. Suppose your brother told you that years ago in China. . . . and your daughter announced her engagement to . . . would you as did Mrs. Loomis, change your mind as to the importance of Foreign Missions? (Can be used as dialogue.)

African Lanterns, I, II, each number, .05. "At the head of each caravan goes a lad with a lantern, lighting the way. All the black folk who follow him are led by the light." Sketches of those who are brightly lighting the way, written and collected by Jean Mackenzie.

Our New African Outposts, .06, edited by Lucy P. McCurdy. An account of the Basler Mission and the new responsibilities the war has brought to our Board of Foreign Missions.

A Second Chance to Give Christ to Japan, .03, by Ida R. Luther. Almost never does a lost opportunity return. The present-day situation in Japan is a tremendous challenge to the Church of America.

The Real "Nichibei Mondai" (Japan American Question), .03, by Rev. George P. Pierson. More important than industrial and political are the spiritual issues involved in this burning question.

Airplane Messages from Chosen, .05, Church Curtain Removed—Young Men's Day—Continuous Evangelistic Campaign—Three Years' Program—Student Preaching Bands—Rings Given—Woman's Greatest Sacrifice—Eagerness for Education—Recruits Needed.

What Is Doing In the Districts

(MRS. CHAS. K.) MABEL M. ROYS

"BLANK" has sometimes been used as a substitute for an emphatic word! "Blank" has been *the* emphatic word for the past few weeks throughout our constituency. At headquarters we have talked, eaten, dreamed report-blanks, and none but the elevator man escaped having some responsibility for them. Down through the line from the synodical and presbyterial officers to the local auxiliaries the report-blanks have held right of way for the past month. The faithfulness and patience of local officers in filling out these blanks has enabled us at headquarters to make complete records, without which the greatest efficiency of our work would be impossible. We at headquarters, therefore, salute you who have been struggling with the report-blanks and give you our hearty thanks!

The response from all over the country to the appeal to accept the budget for 1921-1922 has been most gratifying. When the situation was fully explained and it was known that a smaller budget would mean actual hardship to the already established work, the women of our Church heartily responded that they would do their utmost to meet their allotment. In answer to the frank question, "What would you have done had the budget come to you?" the unanimous reply has been "Just what the National Board did—accept it!" In the face of

great obstacles, societies are pressing on to meet their allotment. Word has come from two of our synodical presidents as follows: "Our people are working with a will, but financial conditions have never been so serious as they are now and the prospects are very dark indeed. Many thousands of people have left the State and other thousands would if they had the means to take them. Closing of the mines and failure of crops, with the exceptionally low price of wheat, are the chief reasons." "The people are leaving all of the cities up here by the hundreds. Two hundred families have left just one city and *all* mines shut down."

The Field Secretary of the Southwest District, Mrs. S. I. Lindsay, has been making an intensive tour of St. Louis Presbytery with very gratifying results. At Moselle, Mo., which has never had a Woman's Missionary Society, an organization was effected. Every one of the charter members subscribed to WOMAN'S WORK and all but one subscribed to *The Home Mission Monthly* and *The Year Book of Prayer*.

Mrs. Lindsay has been invited to speak to a number of St. Louis Sunday-schools. In two schools, one of which has a membership of more than seven hundred, the entire lesson period was given to her and her message eagerly listened to by the young people.

Many St. Louis societies are responding to the appeal which comes from starving China through the China Famine Committee and are co-operating in every way. Committees have been appointed to work with other local organizations, teas have been given and days of self-denial instituted, the women being convinced that our message of "The Bread of Life" will come with greater power if we bear our share of the task of giving physical food to China's millions.

The activities in Mission Study have been most encouraging in the Southwest. The Literature Department is kept busy filling orders for the books on the Near East for which there is a great demand.

The Executive Committee of Texas Synodical Society and the New Era Presbyterian Chairmen of Synod, recently met in a most helpful joint conference. It is hoped that other states will try this joint conference plan.

The District Committee of the Southwest plans to hold the monthly prayer meeting in one of the assembly rooms of the Y. W. C. A., a different church being asked to take charge of the program each time.

Miss Caroline Schneider, for five years the efficient bookkeeper of the Board of the Northwest, is to be retained as the Office Secretary and act as head of the Literature Department. Will all the constituency keep in mind that literature is to be ordered as always from Chicago and that "Room 48" is still wide open for help, counsel and service? Miss Schneider asks for indulgence from the constituency as she takes on these new duties. She hopes soon to have this work well in hand so that the wants of all may be promptly met.

The Synodical Executive Committee throughout this territory, which met in January to approve the 1921-22 budget, are sending in the most heartening and encouraging replies. Synodical presidents have almost unanimously written that after squarely facing the situation and the need, the vote was to attempt what seems a superhuman undertaking in

the face of many odds. Therefore they and we realize that it must be undertaken in more than human strength and wisdom.

The New York District popular missionary meeting is held on the first Wednesday of each month in the Assembly Room at "156." The latest information from the field is given by missionaries and Board officers. Everyone is welcome.

Overseas correspondence is indeed a joy in these days! The women are so enthusiastic over the work. "We are rejoicing in this call for supplies for 'Overseas Hospitals'—it means a definite and never-ending work for our young women." "We have finished our apportionment and are ready to make shipment." "Why is this list for our hospital so small? I worked for Base Hospital No. — in the war and this list seems so meagre."

Twenty of the thirty-seven presbyterial societies have adopted hospitals and are at work on supplies. We trust many more are planning to do this "Over and Above" work.

Kentucky has taken the Overbrook Memorial Hospital, at Chiengrai, Siam, as their synodical work, and Mrs. David H. Wilson, Louisville, Kentucky, is appointed Overseas Synodical Secretary.

Mrs. Ralph B. Towner, 117 Monhagen Avenue, Middletown, N. Y., is the new Overseas Secretary for Hudson Presbytery.

Quite a number of Westminster chapters and circles are doing Overseas work either for hospitals adopted by their presbyterial society or for the David Gregg Hospital in Canton where Dr. Harriett Allyn, one of the Westminster Guild missionaries, is located. Interest in all our foreign work has been increased because of this very practical "work of the heart." Who will help the young women and girls of our other churches to realize the joy that comes through the loving labor of the hands, by forming chapters and circles in our many churches where there is no Westminster Guild?

Since March, 1920, in the New York District, registration blanks have been re-

ceived from six new chapters and eight circles of Westminster Guild, with others already organized but not formally reported at Headquarters. Utica Presbyterian Society leads with seven of the fourteen. This is the list: *Albany*; Johnstown, First; *New York*, Bethany; *North River*, Kingston, First; *Otsego*; Richfield Springs, *Steuben*, Bath; *Utica*: Ilion, First; Lyons Falls, First; New York Mills, Walcott Memorial; Oneida, First; Saquoit, both chapter and circle; Utica, First; *Morris and Orange*: Madison; Newark, Bloomfield, Westminster.

Ohio's Overseas Secretary reports "a great deal of enthusiasm over the State, Dayton, Columbus, Portsmouth and Mahoning giving more than asked for," while other presbyterial societies have not yet fully sent in their reports. The Ohio women are already making out apportionments for Overseas work for next year and one presbyterial society has asked for the privilege of making a certain number of surgical dressings every month. Well done, Ohio!

West Virginia is taking an advance step in trying to arrange the meetings of presbyterial societies in consecutive order. This will make it possible for a Board representative and a missionary to make the tour of West Virginia's presbyterial organizations with the least possible expenditure of energy and money. It would be a fine thing if all the synodical societies could bring about such an arrangement.

The women in various sections of the Philadelphia District are becoming aroused to their privileges in sharing in the propaganda for China Famine. The challenge to the church and missionary women is very great and by speech and deed the women are measuring up to the challenge. A list of speakers who would be willing to go upon call to Sunday-schools, churches or missionary societies to explain the needs of China is being compiled at the District headquarters in the Witherspoon Building, and already some of these women have been put to work.

How is this for a maiden effort in the way of Mission Study? Gaston Presbyterian Church (Philadelphia) had never had Mission Study in active operation. Its new pastor very carefully planned a School of Missions which began about the middle of January. There were three classes among the Young People; one studying *The Near East*, another *The Living Christ for Latin America* and the third *The Tribe of Zambé*. There were two classes among the women, one studying *The Near East*, the other *The Church and the Community*, and one men's class studying *Life Currents in China*. The smallest attendance has been 225, the largest 270, and the scholars have been so enthusiastic that they asked if the school might be continued another six weeks. While this is not being done, they will surely enter into plans for a School of Missions another year with redoubled interest and zeal.

RECEIPTS, JANUARY 16 TO FEBRUARY 15, 1921

The Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

New York District,	\$32,165.19	Annuity Gifts,	\$400.00
Northwest District,	8,555.82	Special Gifts and Relief Funds,	2,527.82
Occidental District,	222.80		
Philadelphia District,	5,935.03		\$2,927.82
Southwest District,	367.05		
	<hr/> \$47,245.89	Total,	<hr/> \$50,173.71

Accumulated Receipts, December 16, 1920, to February 15, 1921

New York District,	\$36,077.94	Annuity Gifts,	\$3,900.00
Northwest District,	11,817.69	Special Gifts and Relief Funds,	3,435.42
Occidental District,	258.30		
Philadelphia District,	10,013.85		\$7,335.42
Southwest District,	461.78		
	<hr/> \$58,629.56	Total,	<hr/> \$65,964.98

JANET McMULLAN, Assistant Treasurer.



DATE DUE

~~JUL 8 1 1986~~



